Well, it was after the war broke out,
And I was a school-girl fresh from Paris,
Papa had contracts, and roamed about.
And I—did nothing—for I was an helress.
Picked some lint, now I think. Perhap
Kuitted some stockings—a dozen nearly;
Havelocks made for the soldiers' caps;
Slood at fair tables and peddled traps
Quite at a profit. The shoulder straps
Thought I was nexty. Ab thank you rea

ight I was pretty. Ah, thank you, really Still it was stupid. Ratatet tat!
Those were the sounds of that battle Summer Till the earth seemed a parchment round and flat And every footfail the tap of a drummer;
And, day by day, down the avenue went Cavaly, infantry, all tog ther.
Till my pitying angel one day sent
My fate in the shade of a regiment,
That halted, just as the day was spent,
Here at our door in the bright June weather.

None of your dandy warriors they;
Men from the West, but where, I know not;
Hacpard and travel-stained, worn and gray,
With never a ribbon or lace or bow-knot;
And I opened the window, and leaning there,
I felt in their presence the free winds blowing;
My neck and shoulders and arms were bare—
I did not dream they might think me fair—
But I had some flowers that night in my hair
And here on my bosom a red rose glowing.

And I looked from the window along the line, Dusty and dirty and grim and solemn, Till an eye like a bayonet-flash met mine, And a dark face grew from the darkening umn,
And a quick flame leaped to my eyes and hair.
Till cheeks and shoulders burned all together.
And the next I found myself standing there
With my eyelids wet and my cheeks less fair.
And the rose from my bosom tossed high in

Like a blood drop falling on plume and feather Then I drew back quickly—there came a cheer,
'A rush of figures, a noise and tussle,
And then it was over, and high and clear,
My red rose bloomed on his gun's black muzzle,
Then far in the darkness a sharp voice cried,
All stowly and steadily, all together,
Shoulder to shoulder and side to side,
Rising and falling, and swaying wide,
But bearing above them the rose, my pride,
They marched away in the twilight weather.

And I leaned from the window and watched my And I leaned from the window and watched it rose
Tose of the waves of the surging column,
Warmed from above in the sunset glows,
Borne from below by an impulse solemn—
Then I shut the window. I heard no more
Of my soldier friend, my flower, neither,
But lived my life as I did before;
I did not go as a nurse to the war—
Sick folks to me are a dreadful bore—
So I didn't go to the hospitals either.

You smile, O poet, and what do you?
You lean from your window, and watch Life's Trampling and struggling through dust and dew,
Filled w th its purposes grave and solemn;
And an act, a gesture, a face —who knows?
Touches your fancy to thrill and haunt you,
And you pluck from your bosom the verse that

grows.
And down it files, like my red, red rose,
And you sit and dream as away it goes,
and think that your duty is done—now don'

I know your answer. I'm not yet through;
Look at this photograph—"In the Trenches"—
That dead man in the coat of blue
Holds a withered rose in his hand. That clenche
Nothing! Except that the sun paints true
And a woman sometimes is prophetic-minded;
And that's my romance. And, Poet, you
Take it and mold it to suit your view,
And who knows but you may find it, too,
Come to your heart once more, as mine did.

#### Miscellany.

Mr. Bulbo was decidedly nervous on this evening. He was more than fidgety; for besides constant change of position, he cast quick looks behind him, as if he heard some one, and made many vain at-tempts to whistle. His room was pleas-ant, his chair comfortable, his tobacco excellent, and his pipe coloring in a most enviable manner; but he frowned as he shifted about, and finally sprang up with a groan. Behind him was a small closet hastily thrust, and now he jerked the door open, and eagerly examined the in-

terior.
"Such a fool!" he ejaculated, as he slammed the door, and, taking up a book, resolutely determined to read.

What was the matter with Mr. Bulbo ! He appeared to be well, being rosy and active. He was a pleasant-looking man, not yet troubled with age, as he had not even reached the "youth of forty summers." He was rather prosperous in busi-ness, had a pleasant circle of friends, and no incumbrances. To look into his frank, sunny face—for Wash Bulbo (his name was not an unfamiliar one to patriotic Americans, and had been thus abbreviated) was a good fellow-to interrogate his bright blue eyes no one would suspect that Mr. Bulbo was anything but the happiest of men. But he had a secret trouble which so preyed upon him that he was losing his spirits, and felt as if he was haunted by an actual presence. It

pursued him in the street, sought him in his office, but was most vital in its attacks in his own room during the hitherto cheerful hours which he had spent with his book and pipe. If its dreadful bony form could only be shut in his closet—fastened in! But no sooner was he seated than it would steal out, whisper its wretched suggestions in his ear, and would drive him on to the fell deed gainst his will, unless he could find some

It was this that stole Mr. Bulbo's sleep, destroyed his appetite, and drove him from a state of blissful unconsciousness to a condition of rueful wretchedness. the closet door—gone without his over-shoes for that length of time, as they were there bestowed, and had caught a bad cold in consequence, as, perversely enough, the weather seemed in league with his tormentor, and storms were rife. He had left town and spent several nights

with a friend, but there had been no es-cape for him; and now he had returned o renew the conflict or die. Here he was, as badly off as before, for there was no use trying to read or divert himself in any way. Some actual plan must be devised and put into immediate having thrown open all the windows to give himself as much relief as possible, he reviewed the circumstances that had placed him in this unpleasant position. A little more than a year ago the first stroke had fallen upon him as he was enjoying his pipe in the twilight. The postman's ring had not hitherto annoyed him, and he gave it no thought as he went to the closet for his tobacco-pouch,

and quietly said "Come in" in resp to the knock which a moment later jarred his door. But his mood changed as he read the letter which was put into his

note, with dark lines of grief on the edges and delicate tracery in a feminine hand within, fluttered into his lap, while

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conscientious charge of the property, often being obliged to neglect his own business, but had never seen the lady, their communication having been entirely through the lawyer. Now, in his own room, as he thought of the reasons, he dashed his hands into his dressing-gown pockets, and fairly howled; in the midst of which ebullition he rushed into the

loset, threw the letters on the floor, and

could get hold of, on them. Ach! he, Bulbo! George Washington Bulbo !—a man most scrupulous on such points. Could he not strangle that shadowless monster? What if he was poor? If he had been rich he would have done the same-he, who had come and gone in this famous city of Brookley for ten years, treading his quiet path of life uncriticised. He never used his modest wit against any one more than to give a harmless thrust at a fellow-sufferer for the benefit of his pretty, much-amused compan-ion at some amiable "tea-fight," where him? He was pursued night and day; the very air was full of whispers; even haunted in his own chambers; no secret place where he could escape. See how he looks after the property;" That's a nice nest-egg for him, and no

mother-in-law;" "Observe how the sly rogue keeps the rest away—lucky dog!" Then to him, "When will the happy event come off, eh, Bulbo!" Clapping him on the shoulder, "I say you were born with a gold spoon in your mouth." Protestations were of no avail: his most sincere acts were against him. It was fairly unendurable. Something must be darling, would make him nappy, refute the scandal, destroy the tenant of that closet—ugh! Yes, yes. But—. A blank, torment would spring upon his inanimate body, and proclaim, in far-reaching tones, body, and proclaim, in far-reaching tones, is the contemplated the idea that she might reject him. In all his plans he had never to the organization of the cavalry forces.

One to improve the organization of the cavalry forces.

One (a second bill) to increase the pay of soldiers. [This bill caused an increase of \$5 per month.] torment would spring upon his inanimate body, and proclaim, in far-reaching tones, "He proposed, and she jilted him." No, no! And Mr. Bulbo feverishly paced his room, looking here and there for an es-

At last he stood, with his hair bristling wildly, and burst into a loud, echoing The closet door creaked, and he

"Ay, come out! come out! I dread you no more! You're outwitted-outwitted!" and, dragging a valise from a recess, he began to hurl in articles, making the most extravagant demonstrations of delight the while.

Was he crazy? No, but a solution of

was he crazy? No, but a solution of his difficulty was presented. He would marry some good girl immediately, and then what could they say? He paused for nothing, except once or twice to glance at the closet, until the valise was packed and locked, when he sat down upon it to wipe the perspiration from his forehead and consider where he should go. Then, in the quiet which ensued, he realized the acrifice he was about to make. His easychair so inviting, his dressing gown so comfortable, his fireside so cozy, his belongings so conveniently scattered about, his club meetings, his pleasant little dinners with a friend or two-all would vanish like a happy dream, to be followed by

what unknown, dreadful reality of a here-after! Well, well; it must be done. He laughed no more as he arose to complete s preparations. His honor was at stake. He might sleep then, at least; but no-curtain lectures! These, even, might be endured if he had his business hours in peace; and Mr. Bulbo's spirits arose again sufficiently to give the closet door a good kick, and shake his clenched fist at it as he left the room with his traveling gear.

The next afternoon he was walking hastily along the quiet street of Mileford. Nothing but the urgency of the case could have kept him up during his journey. It was a dreadful step he had taken, but the disease in this case was worse than any disease in this case was worse than any cure could be, and called for a violent remedy. Mr. Bulbo was not a stranger in Mileford, having spent some of his early years there, and he was soon warmly greeted in Mr. Kopps' kitchen. The farmer and his wife hailed him as Mr. George, as they had been in the habit of calling him in earlier days; and Mr. Bulbo glad to escape from the name

Bulbo, glad to escape from the name which had so annoyed him, begged them not to mention his surname. His room looked out on a quiet mead ow, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that he missed the mocking chim-Mr. Kopps on the veranda, and soon told him his errand—not the cause, but the plain fact that he was in search of a wife.

"The fact is, I'm tired of living a bachelor life." Oh, miserable subterfuge! Mr. Bulbo hated himself for being obliged to resort to it. Mr. Kopps mentioned several names, particularly recommending one young lady whom Mr. Bulbo remembered as a child, and offering to introduce him

"Won't you go, Polly?" he called into "No, thanks;" and Mr. Bulbo felt disappointed, and half inclined to give up

the venture. Bulbo made but a short call, as he felt weary; and as he opened the kitchen door on his return, Polly sat by the window, singing and paring apples. A nice little cot protected her finger from the stain, and she nodded a smiling welcome as she put a bit of apple between her rosy lips. Mr. Bulbo leaned on the chair to chat and soon asked for a knife to help. "But you'll have to wear a cot."

"Put it on," he responded, stretching out his hands. "They are all too small," she cried. after several mirth-provoking attempts to

place them. "Can't something else do?" he helpless ly inquired. "I can't bear to be idle." insisted that the parings should be per-fect, and their aid required in solving matrimonial questions. Hers always formed a B, at which she was much provoked; but Mr. Bulbo's were very in-

"Is it a P or an F?" she asked, puzzling over the letter. "I declare, it's as much like an M as anything:"

When at last bed-time came, without a doubt Polly lighted his candle, and between them they dropped the snuffers three times before he got fairly started. In the morning he must see the farm, and hand within, fluttered into his lap, while a heavy, darkly-written sheet flopped boldly on the floor. He read first a bit from one, then from the other, in some confusion and dismay. The gist of both was that Horace Francis, an old friend of his father's, had lately deceased, and left Mr. Bulbo in charge of his daughter Mary's property until she should attain her majority.

"Hearing such fine reports of your beloved of your father, I select you of all other men in the world, dear Bulbo," the dying man had written. The fortune was large and had many cumber.

"Hearing such fine reports of your father, I select you of all other men in the world, dear Bulbo," the dying man had written. The fortune was large and had many cumber.

"Hearing such fine reports of your father, I select you of all other men in the world, dear Bulbo," the dying man had written. The fortune was large and had many cumber.

proposed to call on another young lady, but Mr. Bulbo had discovered that Polly

piled boxes, boots, books, everything he was so lively and piquant it was delightful to talk to her. She was remarkably well-educated, which surprised Mr. Bul-bo, as Mileford was but a country place. 'Ah, now you'd like to ask questions,'

she cried, as he let drop something of that kind. "I was not brought up here, and that's all I'll say. Ladies only are privileged to ask questions."
"There is one that gentlemen may ask," softly said Mr. Bulbo, leaning toward her but she sprang from her seat and ran up

one's friends are served up hot with the fragrant urn, and their favorite foibles form an appetizing sauce for the tempting rasher. Why had this come upon bin ? He was present a label of the served as he seized the handkerchief

Polly had dropped, and pressing it to his lips, placed it in his inner pocket. It was to be feared that was the truth. Mr. Bulbo had been five weeks at Mr. Kopps's, and had entirely forgotten the cause of his coming. He had made but one call in search of the wife who was to vindicate his character in the virtuous city of Brookley, but had lingered all this time by the side of a bright-eyed, plump, little damsel who had become a necessity to him, and without whom he felt his bachelor room would be dreary indeed. Why wouldn't she do as well, better than any one else, for his purpose? She was a | abled soldiers. darling, would make him happy, refute reject him. In all his plans he had never once thought of that. Not that he was and naval asylum for disabled officers and once thought of that. Not that he was over-bold; he had no opinion of his abilities; but the extremity had been such that he never allowed a refusal to enter into his calculations. In the despair that came over him he went and wandered by the brook until long past the wandered by the brook until long past the spair that came over him he went and wandered by the brook until long past the spair that came over him he went and wandered by the brook until long past the spair that came over him he went and spair that the spair that came over him he went and spair that all colored spair that the came over him he went and spair that came ov

It was with a fearful hearth-throb and States service, become free. a perceptible jump that he saw Polly approaching.
"Mr. George, won't you come to tea?"

"I won't come, Miss Polly, my heart's Polly"—it sounded horridly, but Mr. Bulbo did not mean it should—"unless you let me go with you," he replied, seiz-ing her hand in both of his. "That's just what I mean to do," re-

yet."
"No, no, that's not what I mean. I won't go unless you go with me—unless we go together—that is, Polly, dearest Polly, I love you, and must have"— And she was folded closely in his arms.

He advocated the emancipation of the slaves of the South as far back as 1835. It was bunglingly done, and Mr. Bulbo must have had some encouragement, or

To Mr. Bulbo's delight Pelly was willing to appoint an early day; and the nuts were just falling, the pumpkins had drunk their fill of yellow sunlight, and the north-

"Dearest, there is one thing I want to say; my name" —
"Oh, don't tease me about that. terrupting her; and in they went, each

with something important to tell the Polly smiled a little, with a timid flutter, when Mr. Bulbo uttered, in a clear voice, "I, George Washington." And he gave a start of not entire pleasure when she said, softly, "I, Mary."

"I like Polly best," he whispered, as he threw back her veil and claimed her as his wife.

As Mr. Kopps handed Polly into the carriage, he laughingly said:
"I ought to say Mrs. Bulbo now, I sup-

pose."
"Mrs. Bulbo!" cried Polly, aghast.
"Yes, darling, that is what I wanted to relief that he missed the mocking chimneys of his usual abode. At tea he met and was waited upon by Mr. Kopps' niece, Polly. She had such a flow of good spirits that he forgot duty, and entered into a merry conversation, which he unwillingly ended at her pointed suggestion of his need of a smoke. He joined to avoid him. It was not until the bustle of return was over that Polly stood alone. of return was over that Polly stood alone with him in the porch. Then, between bursts of laughter and showers of tears,

"I thought I couldn't do better than come here," he said, trying to speak care-ural manner possible, she told him. She was Mary Francis; had feared some one would seek her for her money, and had changed her name, and secluded herself here. She had always avoided him, for his name had prejudiced her to think he was very disagreeable. She had meant to tell him of her wealth just before they were married, that it might have no influence on him, and now he had done just

what he didn't want to do.

"No, no," he swore. "Just what he wanted. He had been so happy that he never thought to tell her his name, and now what difference did it make. They

loved each other."
But alas for Mr. Bulbo! He returned to Brookley with his loved and loving wife, and his little world was in flames in "I told you so! Wasn't he a sly rogue

to go and marry her so secretly?"

Fate was against him, facts were against him. What could he say, how refute?

"Ah, Bulbo, we saw it all. Bless you, you couldn't surprise us; we knew it was

inevitable" He took other rooms; would have esfler several mirth-provoking attempts to place them.

"Can't something else do?" he helpless-ly inquired. "I can't bear to be idle."

"Yes; Pli wind them up in rags;" and her deft fingers soon bound his hands.

It was late when they finished, for Polly insisted that the parings should he are

Notes About Rats. A GENTLEMAN, who has passed many years of his life at St. Helena, told me lately several stories about rats so curious that I thought them worthy of record. He said that at one time the common brown rat was extremely common all over the island, in fact, a perfect pest; and to avoid its attacks his father had constructed a large store, rat proof, namely, a rat once in could not get out again. A number,

for Polly to get tea. After that Mr. Kopps but they have always been stolen nests, such as deserted abodes of the but Mr. Bulbo had discovered that Polly squirrel or sparrow; but here my friend, sang; and as music was his great delight, who is no naturalist, tells me that they and he made some attempts, though no pretensions, in that quarter, he insisted on a song. One followed another; their fifteen feet from the ground, in the comvoices harmonized finely; and another evening was gone.

This was but an example of many days.

This was but an example of many days. Polly had read some new books that had particularly pleased Mr. Bulbo, and she them fired at, when many rats were killed them fired at, when many rats were killed and fell out to the ground. He could tell me no more, and I think that, if original nests, as he held them to be, some grass must be woven in their construc-tion, as fir spines have but little power of hesion. The situation of these nests was worthy of notice, although there is scarcely a situation where a rat's nest has

#### ot been found .- Science Gossip. Ten Years of Henry Wilson.

THE following presents a brief view of is services during the last ten years: At the close of the called session of Congress in 1861, Lieutenant-General Scott emphatically declared, "That Senator Wilson had done more work in that short session than all the chairmen of the Military Committee had done for the last

After the first Bull Run battle he returned to Massachusetts, and by his peronal labors raised 2,300 men.
Among the numerous bills introduced Henry Wilson was one to raise 500,-000 men for three years to enforce the

laws. One to increase the pay of private sol-One to facilitate the discharge of dis-

should, on being mustered into the United

One to incorporate a National Freedman's Bank.

He introduced a bill which abolished slavery in the District of Columbia, and which became a law April 16, 1862, there-by making 3,000 slaves free forever, and

slavery forever impossible in the National Capital.

The bill to make colored persons a part plied Polly, breathlessly, trying to with-draw her hand. "I have not had mine ident to receive them into the military and naval service, and to make free the mothers, wives and children of all such per-

He introduced a provision, which bemust have had some encouragement, or else he had forgotten his fears; but Polly understood him and—tea waited longer trict of Columbia should be subject to the same laws to which white persons were subject; that they should be tried for offenses against the laws in the same man ner in which white persons are tried, and, if convicted, to be liable to the same penern frost winds were making a fire pleas-ant, when they stood in the vestry-room sons would be liable for the same offense. ant, when they stood in the vestry-room sons would be liable for the same offense of the little church, waiting for the clergying and inhuman black code of the Dis-

He introduced innumerable bills securnever can call you anything but Mr. George; but I ought to have told you "—

"Come, Polly!" cried her uncle, in"the induced influenceable bills securing in the soldiers their bounties, pensions, back pay and all other rights which they had so dearly earned.

In addition to his vast labors in Company in the soldiers that in the soldiers that is the soldiers that in the soldiers that is the soldiers that it is the soldiers that is the soldiers that it is gress, he traveled through the States and elivered more than one hundred speeches in support of the war, and in vindication of the anti-slavery policy of the Govern-

ment. During the beginning of the war he spent his time and money in franking, writing letters and giving money to aswho called upon him in Washington. For thirty-two years he has toiled in public life for the right, the culture, and elevation of all men, without distinction of race or color.

Mr. Wilson was a prominent candidate before the Chicago Convention of 1868 for the Vice-Presidency, but was beaten by Mr. Colfax. He gains now what he ost then.

## Phish Bawls.

WHISKY friends are the most unprofitable ones I kno ov, they are alwus reddy tew drink with yu, but when yu are reddy tew drink with them, then they aint dry. Yu kant hire a man tew be honest he will want hiz wages raized every morn-

ing.
The most suckcessful men i hav ever known, are those who are konstantly making blunders, but never seem tew kno I kno plenty ov folks who are so kon-

One ov the most reliable phrophets kno ov is an old hen, they dont phrophesy enny egg untill after the egg haz happen-

Mi opinyun iz, and will kontinue tew be, that the phools hav done about az autch hurt in this world az the malishus Temper should be kurbed, knot broken.
I dont kno ov enny thing, in this world, that iz worth more than money

that iz honestly got and virteuously spent. that iz honestly got and virteuously spent.

The truly great are alwus the eazyest tew approach. Fun, devilitry and death lurk in the wine-cup.

I wouldn't undertake tew korrekt a mans sektarian views enny quicker than i would tell him which road tew take at a 4 corners, when i didn't know miself which waz the right one.

I haven't mutch doubt that man sprung from the monkey, but what bothers me iz, whare the cussid monkey sprung from.

After a man haz got a good opinyun ov

After a man haz got a good opinyun ov good opinyun ov others.

Most enny boddy thinks they kan be a good phool, and they kan, but tew play the phool good iz not so handy.

It may be a little vexashus, but I don't consider it enny disgrace tew be bit bi dog.

Abuse generally iz helthy, but sum

imes it cums from so low a source that t don't do a man enny good. It takes more time and tallents tew be uckcessful hypokrit than it duz tew be a There are but phew things that we suffer more misery from than we do from

cowardice.

Mankind in general seem tew take about az mutch pride in bragging ov their faults az ov their vertews.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE LAST MAN-A shoemaker. A BRIDLE COUPLE-Two horses. PAINFUL SUSPENSE-Hanging. TAKING IN SAIL-A mock auction. Do flutings render garments musical. THE artesian wells on the Colt estate in

Hartford cost \$12,000. A MAN who don't know anything will ell it the first time he gets a chance. A THIEF running away is a scamp, but the policeman's chase after him is a

THE British iron product is about 5. 500,000 tons a year, and the American about 2,000,000. Mus. Avres, of Birmingham, England, has been fined \$100 for giving a bad servant girl a good "character.

THE young widow who was buried in grief is now alive and doing well. It is only another instance of premature inter-THE St. Atbans (Vt.) Messenger thinks

"sky blue is a pretty color for ceilings, but not so tasty for country milk at eight cents a quart." Or a little more than nine hundred ex hibitors in the department of painting and drawing in the French Exhibition,

COUNTRYMAN at the menageriehere, now, them ain't zebers; don't you see they're all marked alike? They've been fools enough to paint 'em all to one

An old lady who inquired for "the dol lar varden hat" went away sorrowing when the clerk told her that they were ust out, but he had plenty of "six dollar vardens.

THERE is a reverend gentleman Minnesota who spends his Sundays in prophesying that the world will not outlast the present summer, and yet he has sown 100 acres of wheat. 'IKE," said Mrs. Partington, "How

do astronomers measure the distance to the sun " "Why," replied young hope-ful, "they guesses a quarter of the distance, and multiplies by four." Mrs. P fainted! THE amount of gold produced in the Pacific States and Territories in 1871

reached \$80,000,000. The amount of farm produce grown in the State of Pennsylvania in 1870 was worth nearly \$184, bought a horse for two dollars and a half.

When he had dragged him home, a neighbor said: "Arrah now, Pat! Why didn't you give another half dollar and git a good one ?" An august Senator, who is getting a lit tle bald, was the other day asked by his heir, "Papa, are you still growing?" "No, dear; what makes you think so?" "Be-

cause the top of your head is coming through your hair." A MAN who was delivering a public address in Massachusetts, the other evening. stepped over the edge of the platform, and, striking on his feet, calmly contin-

audience-."

THE Boston Times says: The blind street-beggar ought not to stop to examine by gas-light the scrip given him, if he wishes to be successful in convincing the charitable of his total blindness. The operation was witnessed last evening. A MAN incarcerated in the Tombs has

heen figuring in chalk on the walls of his cell: "In New York City the spires of 342 churches, worth \$41,130,600, point heavenward. I'm here for stealing a loaf of bread for my starving child." A NEW-FASHIONED ring is made of wide band of gold, reaching nearly to the first joint of the finger, and is studded with alternate lengthwise rows of tur-quoise and pearls, or small emeralds and

Some of Detroit's practical missionaries lately visited a sick and widowed neigh-bor, shingled her house, planked her side-walk, picketed her fence, painted one room and papered two, and split and piled a load of slab-wood.

"SEE there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride a hat with a bullet-hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you? You see if it had been a low-crowned hat I should have been killed outright!"

A STORY is told of a father in a church who, when the marriage service came to the point where the clergyman asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' replied: "Well, sir, I am called to do it, although it do go agin the grain. I wanted her to marry Bill Plowser, who is worth twice the money o' that ere

ented a rifle with which he has been astonishing the natives. It is said to have hurled a bullet through a target composed of forty-two inches of solid pine, eight inches of hemlock, eighteen inches of a goodly impediment surely. "A lead bullet melts before leaving the barrel with dem kontrary that if they should fall into a river they would insist upon floating up stream.

build ments before leaving the darking the friction, and a ball of composition has to be used, which, if unimpeded, can be sent over two

AT its recent session in Philadelphia, the American Medical Association adopt ed resolutions recommending that all bo tles containing poison should not only be labeled "poison," but be roughed on the side so as to indicate their poisonous con-tents to the sense of touch, and also be labeled with the most ready and efficient antidote. A resolution was also adopted, that members of the Association should discourage the use of alcohol for stimuli in their remedies.

A LITERARY treasure has been discov ered in the library at Lambeth palace-a copy of the second volume of the cele-brated Mazarin Bible, containing the whole of the New Testament. This is the earliest printed edition of the Holy ed to have been printed by Guttenburg and Faust, at Metz, between the years 1450 and 1455, and is probably the first book printed with movable types. It is entitled the "Mazarin Edition," because it was discovered by M. de Bure in the

REMARKABLE SURGERY.-Hattie Thon as, of Naugatuck, Conn., was caught in some machinery about a year ago, and the scalp was torn entirely off her head from the nap of her neck to her eye-brows Her physician, finding that she was likely to rally from the first effects of the accident, began transplanting pieces of skin from her arm to her head. The experiment proving successful, a number of Miss Thomas' friends volunteered to furnish whatever new material was needed and sixty-four pieces of "seed-skin," many of them as large as a half-dollar were put on from time to time, which now cover her head as perfectly as the original skin, while the lady's health is

109; Ohio, 24,084; Oregon, 1,437; Penn-sylvania, 31,308; Rhode Island, 3,215; South Carolina, 6,200; Tennessee, 18,601; Texas, 11.502; Vermont, 8,000; Virginia, 8,380; West Virginia, 1,845; Wisconsin,

8,944; Washington Territory, 359. There are, perhaps, 100,000 unaffiliated Masons in the United States.

A CERTAIN old Friend, of Philadelphia singular woman, died twenty-odd years ago, leaving a large fortune to two neph-ews, then both babies, and motherless. The will was confided to another ancient Quaker, to be kept a profound secret by him until the boys should be of age. No hint was to be given to them or any of their friends of the coming good fortune; her motive being to give them the advantage of the discipline of poverty and con-firmed habits of industry and seif-help. The boys disappeared with their father in the West, the old Quaker died, and the will was buried in some trunks full of waste paper. A few weeks ago these pa-pers fortunately fell into the hands of a certain eminent lawyer, gifted with the integrity and patience which belong to the old race of Philadelphia Quakers. He discovered the will, and then set about discovering the young men, who were un-earthed finally in Louisville, Ky., hard at work. The news of the fabulous good fortune was recently sent to them. As we cannot all have a fairy godmother in the shape of a whimsical dead Quaker aunt, we can at least hope that the clever young fellows deserved theirs.

### Grant and Wilson

For the third time in the history of the Republican party, it's nomination to the Presidency has been made by acclamation. For the third time the sentiment of the rank and file of the party has been so pronounced as to amount to a mandate to the Convention; and for the third time the representatives of the people, in Na-tional Convention assembled, have contented themselves by simply recording the will of the masses of the Republican party, long since emphatically expressed

The nomination of U.S. Grant, by Mr. Cullom, of Illinois, was received with demonstrations of unbounded enthusiasm; the Convention rose to its feet as one man; the galleries resounded with the wildest shouts of applause, and the scene was a repetition, on a grander scale, of the ovations upon the occasion of the nom-ination of Lincoln in 1864, and that of his own in 1868. It was a fitting exhibition of the majesty of the will of the hosts of the Republican party, in opposition to the petty schemes and intrigues of mere politicians who, like camp followers, hang upon the outer verge of political organizations, seeking to gather the spoils of victory. No President ever entered upon the duties of the chief executive office with a prouder record than that of President Grant upon the occasion of his accession to the Presidency in 1869. No President has ever been more vilely traduced, and no man ever bore more patiently the majesty of the will of the hosts of the duced, and no man ever bore more patiently the shafts of poisoned malice hurled by a malignancy unparalled in political war
Mrs. doll remarked that her case was still harder: could keep after his year's service had expired, because of his drunken habits, or malignancy unparalled in political war
Who were tricked out with laces and such folder.

Who were tricked out with laces and such folder. fare. Equally unmoved by the treachery of pretended friends, and the bitter denunciation of open enemies, he has Monday, Her dress never changed, not even on Sunday; calmly pursued a straightforward course, with an eye single to the best interests of the country, and in strict fidelity to his onth to support the Constitution and per-form every duty of his high office according to the dictates of an enlightened con-science. After a stormy session of Con-

gress, devoted, by his enemies in the Senate, to every form of insult and abuse which ingenuity could devise, it must be a source of supreme satisfaction to him again to receive the emphatic indorsement of the Republican party of the nation, and to be once more called to lead the party of progress and reform to victory. Modestly as he accepted the honors showered upon him by a grateful country, in return for his distinguished services at the head of the armies Union, unostentationaly as he has borne himself in his great office as Presiden so with equal honor to himself and credit to the nation will he receive this new testimonial of the continued confiden and esteem of the American people. The renomination of U. S. Grant will be received by the country, as that of Lin-coln was in 1864, as his first nomination

of a degree of peace and prosperity like that enjoyed during the last three years. For the second place on the ticket our choice was Schuyler Colfax. We believed him, after Grant, the strongest man with the people in the country. We still be lieve so. We believe his friends did him an injustice in forcing him into the camife. This being the strong desire of Mr. Colfax, the only regret we feel is, that he has been placed in an apparently false position. But, willing, as he always has been, and is, to sacrifice every personal consideration to the good of the country, he will be the first to congratulate.

he will be the first to congratulate Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, upon his deserved success before the Convention; and his services in the campaign will be as hearty and unremitting as those of any other man in the ranks of the Republican party. In setting aside Mr. Colfax and selecting Mr. Wilson, the Convention paid a well-merited compliment to one of the ablest and purest men in the nation. No man has been more faithful or conscienciple is as far above question as that of the martyred Abraham Lincoln, and his

and Colfax in 1868.

The resolutions are models of perspicacity, force, brevity and directness. They renew the pledge of the party to the perfection of the system of civil service re-

## Youths' Department.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Say, have you been to the Dolls' Convention?
No, then at once it is my intention
A few of the startling facts to mention,
That kept all Dolldom in derce contention;
These are the notes of a special reporter,
Taken in short-hand—they could n't be shorter. Taken in short-hand—they could n't be shorter. Some of the handsomest dolls in the city. Answered the call of the "working committee Was n't it fun when the toddlekins met! O, but they came in a terrible pet! Dolls in merico, and moire-autique, Dolls that were damb, and dolls that could spe And dolls that could only just manage to squer Single dolls, married dolls, all sorts and ages, Finttered like birds that had just left their cag One "stuck-up" doll by her servant attended, Made the remark that the weather was splending this being said with the mose to the eky. Two crying dolls whose eyes were still red, For fear of disturbance were sent up to bed.

Up rose a dolly—some said double-jointed—And moved that a Speaker at once he appoint After a general squabble and flutter—Ten, all at once, trying something to utter—One little lady with long flaxen hair, Amid great excitement, was led to the chair. Hand on her spencer, she spoke of the honor Which those who were present had thus cast her.

which those who were present had thus cast upon her.

And so on at random; the very same capers Of speech you have read in the daily papers. Every one present then had an opportunity To say "what was what," with the utmost impunity.

Speech of a member;—her face was of wax; By her wardrobe, she paid a superb income-tax. She said she had suffered with grief and vexation, To see the dismay "boys" had brought on the na-They seemed to delight in their grim dissipation;
They seemed to delight in their grim dissipation;
Their victims were dolls of every station.
There was n't a day, and there was n't a night.
That her eyes did n't open and shut with afright;
For, not contented with sulpping her toes off,
A tyrant in short-clothes had melted her nose off;
Though she tried hard to put a good face on the
matter.

matter, Grief had melted her down—she had been so much fatter. A lady from Paris was next on the floor: A lady from Paris was next on the hoor; Her train was some twenty five inches or more. She said that abroad she found nothing to vex her, Or ruffle her mind; no boys to perplex her; They honored the delicate creatures of Doildom Whose grace and deportment and beauty appalled 'em; But since her return she daily expected

To call the police in to keep her protected. She never had dared to put half her bows on her For fear some sly rouge would tear off the clothe on her. The bellows kept heaving just here where her corset is, To find throughout "boyland" such frightful

Another got up who appeared sadly mussed. She said she was only a poor doll of dust, But recently she had received such a shaking Her bones even then were most fearfully ack A doll plump with sawdust held out rare in To boys who were fond of "cutting" amuse

Monday, Her dress never changed, not even on Sunday; Not to speak of small frights that were scarce worth repeating, When the rats held a "ratification meeting." A fine walking doll caught the eye of the Speaker She said that her voice always went for the weak

She shuddered in sight of lat, lean, short, and tall boys.

Especially, too, at the whole race of small boys.

They pinched her arm in the door, with a slam;

They dipped her legs in the raspberry jam;

She wondered how, she assured her beholders,

She kept her head sewed onto her shoulders. A paper doll rose, but was soon called to order They had n't a moment they said to afford her.

"To banish forever those base 'institutions,' The 'boys,' who are known as our natural foes They 'd better take care how they tread on

WHAT THE BOYS DID. There was not a mean-looking boy in was in 1864, as his first nomination was in 1868, with enthusiasm, with solid the crowd. I had watched them so often glass of beer," (one glass in the vernacular satisfaction, and accepted as a guarantee of a degree of peace and prosperity like gentlemanly in appearance; or coming tinued, "that I must have tied the dog to gentlemanly in appearance; or coming home again a little flushed and rumpled, but merry and full of life, that I knew every face among them. Now they were all gathered about the corner, and their him, after Grant, the strongest man with the people in the country. We still be lieve so. We believe his friends did him an injustice in forcing him into the campaign against his repeated expressions of a desire to retire from it, and from public life. This being the strong desire of Mr. Colfax, the only regret we feel is, that he has been placed in an apparently false position. But willing as he always has might have a shot at him. "Come, Johnny! come, Johnny! nice fellow! poor fellow!" in all sorts of soft, insinuating
tones; but the puppy had doubtless learned
wisdom by sad experience, and only poked
his black nose through the fence, peered
at them with his wicked little eyes, and

wagged his tail in a friendly way. Then the boys tried another maneuver.

Two of them marched boldly up to the gate, and the puppy, in his zeal to defend the premises, barked valiently. The boys ran in feigned terror, and the puppy followed, fairly bursting with what in men we call heroism, or patriotism, or some other ism. Pell mell came the sticks and stones; not a boy missed his chance for a shot, and the poor deluded puppy rushed back to his intrenchments, yelping in dismay, while a chorus of shouts and laughter fairly made the air ring. I looked at those boys as they went on their way man has been more faithful or conscientious in support of the great principles upon which the Republican party is founded; no man has labored more earnestly for the equal rights of all before the law; no man has been a more consistent or indefatigable advocate of the rights of the great labor class of the country than Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. His private character is as pure as that of Mr. Colfax; his fidelity to principle is as far above question as that of the consistent of the provided in the country than Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. His private character is as pure as that of Mr. Colfax; his fidelity to principle is as far above question as that of the man the slightest suspicion that he had done anything mean or cruel. It was ciple is as far above question as that of the martyred Abraham Lincoln, and his public record is unsullied by a single deflection from the path of conscientious duty. In Grant and Wilson as standard-bearers, we have the West and the East, a combination as invincible as that of Grant and Colfax in 1868.

The resolutions are models of perspications of them had the slightest suspicion that he had done anything mean or cruel. Itwas just a good joke, and hurt nobody, unless it might have been the puppy, and he only got two or three knocks; puppies don't mind rough handling. It is a pity to spoil a good joke; but oh! you dear, brave, noble boys, that make your cacity, force, brevity and directness. They lives, it is a greater pity to spoil with a little taint of cruelty anything so good as renew the pledge of the party to the perfection of the system of civil service refection of the recent amendments to the spirit of the recent amendments to the Constitution shall be carried out; commit the party to a policy of peace with foreign nations; condemn the further grant of public lands to corporations; advocate the abolishment of internal revenue, except upon spirits and tobacco; favor the adjustment of duties to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor and promoting the industries, prosperity and growth of the whole country; recommend that the further bounty of the Government should be extended to the soldiers and sailors of the late war; defend the American doctrine of naturalization; advocate the abolition of the franking privilege; support the early resumption of specie Mr. Bulbo in charge of his daughter Mary's property until she should attain her may be majority. So have the dishest marked be first that the drippings of water at the degree in the first that the drippings of water at the degree in the first that the drippings of water at the degree in the first that the drippings of water at the degree in the first that the drippings of water at the degree in the should attain her may be made that it is a support the early resumption of specific water with the salelity most of the first that the property of your father. It is the world make a call, but when some details; out Mr. Bulbo, for the sake of the trust, and vith a certain price in the solid have a surpe and had many cumpers of your shale in the following price in the first that the property of the state of the property of the first that the property of the prope

THE DOLLS CONVENTION.

"Oh, don't bother me, I'm reading," Tom would say; and the boots refused to stir an inch, which, of course, was very naughty. And so it would go from morning till night.

But little sister Bess had a different way with somewhat stubborn Tom. Bess seemed to understand that coaxing was better than driving; and sometimes, when he sat with both hands plunged in his pockets, Bess, with a book or picture would nestle down beside him, and almost before he knew it one hand would be patting her curls, while the other turned the

leaves or held the pictures. If she chanced to see his feet on the window-"Just try my ottoman, Tom, dear, and see how comfortable it is to your feet;" and though Tom occasionally growled in a good-natured way, about its being too low, the boots always came down to its level. Whenever his hair looked very rough, she would steal behind him and oth it out in a way Tom liked so well

How Bess Managed Tom.

Tom's sister Nell was pretty, and being a year older than Tom, wanted to show her authority over him. Tom was

rough and awkward, and just at the age when a boy resents all meddling with his "rights." He would put his hands in his pockets, his chair on Nell's dress, and his feet on the window-sill. Of course

they often quarreled.
"For pity's sake, Tom, do take your hands out of your pockets!" Nell would

What are pockets for, I'd like to know, if not to put one's hands in ?" and Tom would whistle and march off. "Tom I don't believe you've combed

your hair for a week f'
"Well, what's the use? It would be all roughed up again in less than an

"I do wish, Tom, you would take your great boots off the window-sill!"

say, in her most vexing manner.

that it was a temptation to let it go rough just for the pleasure of having her comb Yet, for the next three days, at least, he would take special pains to keep every hair in its place, simply to please little As they grew older, Bess, in the same quiet, loving way, helped him to grow wise and manly. If she had an interesting book, she always wanted Tom to

esting book, she always wanted Tom to enjoy it with her; if she was going to call on any of her young friends, Tom was always invited to go with her. "I can't understand," said lady Nell, "why you should always want that boy forever at your elbow! He's rough and awkward as a bear."

"Some bears are as gentle as kittens," said Bess, slipping her arm through his with a loving hug, while "the bear" felt a great warm glow at his heart as he walked away with Bess, and determined to try harder to be "gentle as a kitten for her sake.—Picture Magazine.

## The Shepherd's Dog.

HE will, though such dogs are rare, run

over the back of a flock to head them in

a lane, jump the hedge to present his grim features at a gap ahead, or drive them as his master walks in front. He will keep them from a defined piece of sture, or as his master sets the evening fold, confine them to the old boundary. These last are the ordinary duties of the sheep dog; the first may be looked upon as an exceptional refinement, which would raise a dog five shillings or so in the estimation of his master; but now and then he gives proofs of devotion and intelligence far surpassing the bounds of instinct. I remember a case in point. The dog belonged to a shepherd whom all our large agriculturists coveted, but never could keep after his year's service had exmany lambs, or, in a general way, was more devoted to his flock. He had that natural gift of attracting animals to him, and attaching them to him also, which can neither be imparted nor acquired, and his dogs were the best for miles around. At last, having lost the confidence of the leading farmers, he might have got a place with some little two or three-hundred acre farmer, but such preferment he despised; so he turned drover, and he and his dog, Quick, a blue grizzle, bought as a puppy, at Salisbury market, for a pint of beer and the promise of a shilling, as he informed me, set off together. One sutumn evening he was leaving Weyhill Fair with a flock of something like three hundred sheep, and walking for some point about twenty-five miles to the west, when it came on to blow just as the sun was going down, and before they had got seven miles on the road he was wet through, and it was nearly dark. "I couldn't see the flock, but as I walked in front, I could hear Quick bark now and then," he told me, "and I war-rant they were all right, and just on the left hand there was a little public-house. I thought"—I give it in his own words— "there could be no karm in having one the sign-post, but I don't remember it, and I stayed about an hour," (this in the vernacular for three hours at least), "and I found from the landlord that I could turn in the sheep for the night and get a shaketurned in to have another glass till he came back. I came out in a quarter of an hour, and there he was, wagging his stump of a tail, and not gone. I thought, as I sat in the chimney-corner, I heard him bark, and I made no more to do, but threw the crook at him, as I generally did, and, by bad luck, broke his fore-leg. When the poor thing began to cry out, the landlord began to abuse me; and when they brought the light, there were the sheep all lying under the hedge, as quiet as could be. They declared I shouldn't go on nor the dog either; but I shouldn't go on, nor the dog either; but I did, and old Quick hopped after me. I don't remember nothing else but trying to find the field to put the sheep in; but to find the field to put the sheep in; but just before the light broke I was awoke by the policeman throwing his bull's-eye on me. He told me he heard the dog barking, and that when he came to within fifty yards there was the dog lying on my breast, calling for help like a Christian. I was sober then, and I made two rough splints and a bandage, and did Quiek's leg up in a rough way; and I've never struck a dog since, nor drank anything either,

# A Woman Tired of Editorial Life.

The wife of the Utica (N. Y.) Baily Bee is filling the editorial chair of that establishment like a brave woman, while her husband is in prison for contempt of court, we believe. She is tired of the edithe following paragraph:

"We wish the editor would come back. We don't want to occupy his chair any longer. It isn't pleasant. We don't like longer. It isn't pleasant. We don't like it. We don't want to have tall, beetlebrowed Bob Harts come sliding into our presence, armed with a heavy cudgel, and demand to know who wrote some of the meekest paragraphs ever put in a paper. We don't like to dunn or be dunned. We